BY MATT CRIM.

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CHAPTER I. When Mrs. Col. Waring sold her old me in Virginia and went to New York to live, she frankly confessed that it was for the sole purpose of giving her daughters the advantages of social life, and the

opportunity te marry well. Frankness seemed one of Mrs. Col. Waring's crowning charms. Her poverty, the beauty of her daughters, her motherly anxiety and ambition for their future, were all gracefully acknowledged; but discretion went hand in hand with this candor. The lady was shrewd enough to know talk so freely. Her audiences were carefully selected. Men were apt to plty and admire her, but a few ill-natured women had declared her to be a deliberate and selfish schemer. However, Mrs. Col. Waring suffered little from these acurrilous at-

She was a small, slightly-built woman with a thin face, queer gray eyes and dark hair tinged silvery on the temples. She dressed plainly and always very markedly is a widow, but wore some handsome rings on her slender hands. No one ever observed Mrs. Col. Waring without also observing the old-fashioned cluster diamond on her foreinger. It seemed to assist largely in the perfection of her plans. When occupied with some knotty problem



she would turn and twist it around on her finger incessantly. As for the colonel, he had fought gallantiy for the confederacy, and finally lost his life in its service. People who knew the family well had liked him rather better than his wife. He had been a handsome, robust man, as healthy in mind as in body, a truly candid soul without any pretense or make believe. The daughters inherited his beauty, and they might have resembled him more in spirit had he lived to train and influence them. But they knew the pinch of poverty and felt it all the more because their mother chafed under it so sorely. Her high estimate of money and position had its influence with them, and the two eldest sisters married according to her wishes. They had the opportunity, for the Warings were remotely connected with a moderately well-to-do and very aristocratic family—according to the New York straded of the service of the service

remotely connected with a moderately well-to-do and very aristocratic family-according to the New York standard of aristocracy—while Tom Waring, who had made and lost two or three fortunes on the stock exchange, rendered valuable service in bringing some of his moneyed friends to the house. So her sisters married, and then it was Barbara's turn.

For her Mrs. Waring had made her most ambitious plans. She was undoubtedly more attractive than either of her sisters, although they were much handsomer. She was charming, but not tager to please, therefore men were anxious to please her, and, then, she possessed a decided "style," to which she, as well as her mother, attached decided value. She listened to her mother's worldly counsel with a ready according to the service of the ser tached decided value. She listened to her mother's worldly counsel with a ready acceptance of its wisdom and a cool impartial appreciation of her gifts and what was due her family pride. It would be an exceptional man indeed who could win her. Her marriage should be a triumph before which all the Waring marriages would pale into utter insignificance. She desired money, the prestige of a fine old name, and a brilliant mind. She would neither marry a rich fool nor a poor genius. She read the hisllant mind. She would neither marfy a rich fool nor a poor genius. She read the history of famous and fascinating women, pored over accounts of the French salons and wished that she could have one of her own. Her lip curled with disdain at the thought of contenting herself with the frivolous pastimes of a mere society woman. It was her vaguely outlined plan to draw about her the highest and best in all the arts and professions to become a rethe arts and professions, to become a patron of genius and be noted for her brilliant gatherings as well as the perfection of her gowns. Love had not even been considered. Indeed, it rather pleased her to think that she couldn't love very deeply, that her head, her well-poised, artistically dressed head, would always govern her.

"A little unwomanly," Tom Waring would say to himself when his thoughts wandered in her direction. "Not very deep, either, I fancy, but taking—immensely taking."

Waring was a stout, florid bachelor who had been through an endless number of love affairs and who still retained his chivalrous admiration for women. He had

chivalrous admiration for women. He had taken the pretty Waring girls under a semi-paternal wing and felt it his duty to administer many solemn warnings on worldly ambition. But as he invariably delivered those warnings after dining freely he only provoked laughter and affectionate Barbara exasperated him very

"A fellow might kill himself for you, and "A fellow might kill himself for you, and I don't believe you'd know enough to care a bawbee!" he exclaimed, one evening. She leaned her head lazily against the back of the chair.

"Ah! well, perhaps not so bad as that," she said, nonchalantly. "But a man who would do such a decidedly imbecile thing to hardly worth pitying.

is hardly worth pitying; don't you think

"I wonder," said Waring, looking quizzically at her. "I wonder if you are not posing. It is your evident desire to appear very flinty, and you play your part well—very well. But I'm sorry. I wish girls would be more simple and natural."

His earnestness amused her.

"I think it would be very tedious to have to keep up a pose before you, Cousin Tom, one of my own family—tedious and unprofitable. Girls are natural, only they are not all angels, but human beings, like the

not all angels, but human beings, like the rest of the world. If I can't fall madly in leve or don't want to, what's the differ-



Eye.

ence? I think the people in love are about the most wretched creatures I know, al-ways swinging between heaven and hell." "You've been well trained, Miss Waring. A fish would be warm-blooded compared to

you."

Barbara refused to be plqued.
"Mamma is admirable, but I have a reason of my own which occasionally is able to assert in eif."
"Your reason be hanged!" cried Waring. "Your reason be hanged!" cried Waring, rising from his seat in a passion. "It doesn't seem to prevent you from accepting all the adoration that is offered you."

"You positively grow rude, Cousin Tom. Don't you think it would be wise for you to go home and sleep off your ill temper?"

"I beg your pardon, Barhara. I have to let myself out occasionally, you know. But what has reason to do with lovegenuine, true-hearted love, you know?"

Barhara's eyes glinted.

"I don't see why it shouldn't have a great deal to do with it, and I think if it did there'd be fewer unhappy people in the world—fewer divorces even. There is no reason whatever for people throwing com-

reason whatever for people throwing com-mon sense to the wind simply because they fall in love. For my part—"

END OF A CAMPAIGN "By jove! Barabara, you are stunning, really. I'd like to possess a little of your coolness when stocks are going down and the market smashes. Your serenity is

Barbara passed through three seasons and received a number of offers of marriage. They were all rejected, however. She had not yet found what she wanted. "And you never will, my dear Barbara, depend upon it. You'll either marry some poor devil or die an old maid." said the poor devil, or die an old maid," said the irrepressible Tom, who watched her social career with unabated interest. Barbara involuntarily stole a glance at

Barbara involuntarily stole a glance at herself in a mirror.

"Oh, you are not losing your attractiveness, I must admit. You wear marvelously well." His voice sunk to a suggestion of tenderness. "You could be a matchless woman if you had a heart."

man if you had a heart."

"A very necessary portion of one's anatomy, I should say. I hope I have one."

"A tireless machine to propel your blood, that is all—not capable of much feeling."

"It loves you," she said, with a sudden bewitchingly soft smile. That was one of the feeding things. the fascinating things about Barbara-the little glimpses of womanliness occasionally peeping tantalizingly through her colorless

languor.

"Oh, come, now, none of your artful coquetries on me!" he exclaimed, flushing and stroking his gray mustache.

"Then you must stop harking back to that old theme. We settled it long ago."

"No; we have not settled it. We never can as long as you refuse to—"

"To see through your eyes?"

"To see what you are missing. But I guess you are all right—some sides of you, at any rate. I believe you'd make a first-rate mother. Now, wouldn't you?"

She had relapsed into her usual indifference.

she had relapsed into her usual indiner-ence.
"I really never gave the matter a thought," she said, then suddenly broke through again and laughed å gay, delight-ful laugh. "How you do overflow with sentiment, You must have been in love a score of times."
"I have."

"I have."

"And your heart? I suppose it is in a very fragmentary condition?"

"On the contrary, it has been enriched by every experience," he replied, with dignity.

"My first love affair occurred when I was only twelve years old. What an experience! What profound emotion thrilled my soul!"

He sighed deeply, throwing his head back and gazing retrospectively at the ceiling.
"And when did the last affair end?" Bar-"And when did the last affair end?" Bar-bara inquired casually.

Waring came out of his sentimental rev-erie with a slightly disconcerted air.
"Oh-ah, it hasn't ended."
"Indeed!"

Yes; she is the dearest little woman in the world."
"How interesting! Why don't you marry

"How interesting! Why don't you marry her?"

"She—ah, is already married. It is a purely platonic sentiment between us, I assure you, Barbara. She is neglected and I pity her. I shall never marry."

Just then Mrs. Waring's niece broke into the conversation. She had all the while been seated near the window.
"Tom, Tom, why do you talk such nonsense? Of course you will marry. There is a divinity that shapes our ends."
"A peroxide of hydrogened one will probably shape his," Barbara remarked from the cabinet mantel, where she was now standing rearranging her hair.

Waring dined down town with some friends that evening, and then returned to his rooms to make some changes in his toilet before going to the Lyceum, where he had promised to meet Barbara and her mother. He had imbibed so freely of champagne that he was overflowing with joyoucness."

"I am not drunk but love my head does."

and her mother. He had indiced so freely of champagne that he was overflowing with joyoucness.

"I am not drunk, but Jove, my head does feel peculiar," he muttered to himself. "That champagne must have been extra dry, sure enough."

At the last moment he discovered some letters on the table. He turned them over carelessly, while humming a popular air. A foreign postmark attracted his eye, and he opened that letter, pushing the others aside to read at a more convenient time. It was from an old acquaintance traveling abroad.

"And now, Waring, I come to the real point of this discourse. My son is on his way to America. He has foolishly entangled himself in a love affair with a young widow over here, and I am anxious to break off the whole matter. He will call upon you in New York, and I beg you, for the sake of our friendship in the past,



"I think I love him."

to look after him; you know all the best people. Introduce him to some charming girls and try, if possible, to make him forget his widow. Please do not let him know that I have prepared you for his visit. I am quite recovered from the most serious of my ailments. Ever your friend, "JAMES NOEL."

For a moment Waring struggled with his beforgred memory trying to place James

his befogged memory trying to place James Noel.

"Oh, yes; oh, yes," he said finally, "I know who it is now. James Noel went abroad with his family years ago, and his daughter married a prince or something of that kind. Why, of course, awfully sick man, Jim Noel. Didn't suppose he'd be alive a month after he left America. Why, I knew the Noels before the war—fine old family, and Jim made money till you couldn't rest. Perfect loads of it."

He mused over the letter and the responsibility thrust upon him for a moment. Then a brilliant idea struck him. "I'll introduce him to Barbara—that's the

"I'll introduce him to Barbara—that's the thing, the very thing. If he's not hopeless she'll cure him. Yes, I'll introduce him to Barbara."

He winked at himself in the mirror, and gathered up his hat and gloves. At the same instant a servant appeared at the door with a card.

Waring took it and gave vent to a prolonged whistle, but in a moment he remembered himself through the haze of his astonishment.

astonishment.
"Show the gentleman up, show him up,"

"Show the gentleman up, show him up," he said quickly. "Now I must be careful what I say: funny that he should call the very day I get the letter. Wonder if he looks like his father. I am very glad to see you, Mr. Noel," he exclaimed heartily as a blonde, good-natured looking young man entered the room. "Know your father very well; I ought to say extremely well. I'm happy to welcome you to America; very happy, indeed, to welcome you to America."

"You are kind, Mr. Waring," said Noel. "I promised my father I would look you up if I ever came to New York."

"Delightful of him to remember his old friend"—hypocritically, and with his hand upon the letter in his pocket.

"Pelightful of him to remember his old friend"—hypocritically, and with his hand upon the letter in his pocket.

"He always spoke of you in the warmest tones, sir," said the young man, serlously. He did not appear an entirely spoiler or willful youth. He was older than Waring had expected, judging from his father's letter, and even through the simple candor of his manner one might have seen a suggestion of ratisfactory reserve force and self-reliance. Waring insisted upon taking him to the theater, and learned during the drive that Noel had studied art abroad, and that he expected to set up a studio in New York. He did not speak of his family, and Waring tactfully refrained from making inquiries. He introduced the young man to his relatives and managed during the evening to whisper into Mrs. Col. Waring's ear some information about his aristocratic family, and his father's wealth, enlarging especially upon the princess. Mrs. Col. Waring absorbed all these details as a hungry fish does water after being out on dry land.

"He's very ambitious, too. Works, you have for the love of it. Will suit Eardoes water after being out on dry land.
"He's very ambitious, too. Works, you know, for the love of it. Will suit Earbara to a T," Waring added, as she smiled blandly upon the young man.
But when he had slept off the effects of the dinner he had almost forgotten Noel's existence. Some mining investment called him away to the west and he left at a day's notice, merely writing a line of farewell to Mrs. Waring and her daughter.

CHAPTER II. Jasper Noel did suit Barbara exactly the artistic temperament. His admiration for women was of the idealistic sort, tenderly chivalrous and reverential. Barbara laughed to herself over his unworldly faith, while the sensation of tears stung hereves. She saw that his worldly experience had not been excessively broad or else that he had passed along with eyes closed to the selfishness and folly of her set. He painted well, surprisingly well for a young man of such great expectations, and deveted himself assiduously to work. That also appealed to her. "He will be great as well as rich, and he is so lovable, so lovable," she acknowledged to herself.

She had always expected to be interested in the personality of the man she married, but not to the extent that Noel absorbed

but not to the extent that Noel absorbe her. It was almost alarming. "I think I love him; yes, I'm sure I love him." She rested her chin on her hands and mused awhile. Why should her heart beat so fast and loud every time she recalled a tender



such a consideration?"

"Did you think I'd give you up for such a consideration?"

glance or a whispered word of his? He never had made love to her as other men, why should she blush and palpitate? "Well, positively this is the first real mystery I ever came across in my life. I feel so different, so very different."

She began walking the floor of her little room with a restlessness that would have astonished Mrs. Waring could that lady have been a spectator. "Yet they say that's always the way," she continued, musing to herself. "One reads about it until one is weary and yet one is drawn on just the same, and it is always new."

The deep disquiet of her soul bewildered her. There were some trinkets on her bureau and she arranged and rearranged these, scanning the effect each time as though the result were a matter of grave moment. But her thoughts were all the while busy with other things. Finally, obeying an impulse, she put on her best walking gown and set forth for Noel's studio. She had grown very fond of the studio, but this was the first time she had ever gone alone, and she wondered now what her mother would say. But she must see him, analyze him in the light of this new revelation, if she couldn't analyze herself. She knew that it was his working hour, so she opened the door and walked in. He was painting away with all fervor, with a dirty, heavy-mouthed, droop-eyed child before him as a model.

"Why, Miss Waring, Miss Waring," he cried, delighted. "I'm so glad you've come today. I've been wishing all morning ihat you could be here. I wanted you to see this new model. See what a wild, lovely tangle in her hair, and what long eyelashes she has. I found her on the street and asked her to come up with me. She makes a fine study in color with that yellow drapery behind her."

Barbara was not artistic enough to easily reflect his enthusiasm, yet the pictures queness of the child was not entirely lost upon her.

"She is very good," she agreed, absently, and walked around to look at the picture

ness of the child was not entirely lost upon her.

"She is very good," she agreed, absently, and walked around to look at the picture on the easel. She was flushed and breathless from rapid walking, and now that she stood in his presence wished that she had not come. "Please go on with your work," she begged after a moment. "I shall feel sorry if you don't, and talk to me about your model. Where did you find her?"

"On the street. Do sit here on this chair where I can see you, too, if I am to work while you are here."

But she was too restless, uneasy over the boldness of her visit, to sit down. She continued to walk around, looking at sketches and odds and ends of drawing. Noel's eyes followed all her movements and his interest in his work flagged. When Barbara saw the little model stealing softly away, some shining coins in her dirty. Ittle head a the folk titte head.

ing softly away, some shining coins in her dirty little hand, she felt that she too

dirty little hand, she felt that she too must go.

"Not just this moment," he pleaded, putting out his hand.

"But I only came in for a moment. I have some shopping—an appointment—" she stammered, blushing and confused. Then she looked up at him as they stood facing each other, and he took one of her hands between both of his.

"Is it true Barbarg?"

"Is it true, Barbara?"
"Is what true?"
"I love you, love you so. Do you love
ne a little? I—I seem to read it in your eyes."
"Oh, you must let me go," she breathed, suffering an intenser fright over her own emotion than over the impropriety of the situation, standing there alone with him in his studio.

"Yes, this instant, sweetheart, but I'm coming this evening to see you."
"Yes, come," she faltered, as she vanished through the doorway and fied down-

The engagement was publicly announced in a few days. Mrs. Colonel Waring believed in letting the world appreciate her triumphs. She confided the story of Noel's wealth and high connection to two or three gossipy friends, and the poor princess figured largely in the story, too. Little notices crept into the papers, and Barbara was envied as well as admired. Noel was too blissfully happy to heed anything outside of his sweetheart and his picture. He had been accepted, and so had they at the spring exhibition, and discriminating critics had given them high praise.

It was about this time that Tom Waring returned from California. A lucky finangerial control of the story to the story to the formal control of the story to the story of the sto It was about this time that Tom Waring returned from California. A lucky financial deal had rdded considerably to his fortune, and he was gay accordingly, yet his smile grew a trifle grim when told of Barbara's engagement. "I thought she'd make him forget the other woman, but I'm afraid men are faithless creatures, anyway. I'm true as anybody to love, but not to its personification. I thought I had left my heart safely in New York, and now I believe it's in Mexico. Stunning creature I met down there!" But sentimental regrets could not cloud Mr. Waring's satisfaction in his financial success. He beam-

grets could not cloud Mr. Waring's satisfaction in his financial success. He beamed upon the world like a full-risen sun and returned thanks for his good fortune in liberal donations to favorite charities and a diamond pin to Barbara.

It was two days after his return that he received another foreign letter, and he recognized James Noel's handwriting before he broke the seal.

"Dear Waring: I regret exceedingly that "Dear Waring: I regret exceedingly that

ter around my mouth, but there's no use worrying now, and our daughter-in-law is

worrying now, and our daughter-in-law is staying with us. By the way—"

Waring did not stop to turn over the page and finish the letter. He felt his hair rising and an ague creeping down his back. Young Noel still abroad and married! Then what of this other man who bore his name, who had won Barbara? An adventurer?
The thought was awful.

The thought was awful.

Twenty minutes later he rushed into Mrs.
Waring's apartment, breathless, turbulent, the open letter still in his hand. The drawthe open letter still in his hand. The drawing roo n was free of visitors. Mrs. Col. Waring reclined by the open fire, absorbed in a book, while half way down the room Barbara sat radiant, talking with Neel. Waring felt like springing upon the young villain for holding the girl's hand, but restrained himself, because such a course would be unwise as well as lacking in dignity Still his anyer increased with every nity. Still his anger increased with every stride he took forward into the room. Mrs.

Waring sprang nimbly to her feet.

"Good heavens! Tom, what's the matter?"

"The devil's to pay," he cried fiercely
That man is a-a-the Lord only knows his voice failing him, one finger

cven more perfectly than she had ever fancied any man could. He was frank and simple of manner and open of speech, but had a strong will. Then he also had that generosity which is apt to accompany that generosity which is apt to accompany to the strong will be said. It is hardly less certain to make for itself and hold a place in the literature of the day for its pure and lofty tone and genuine merit.

The people's cyclopedia of universal taken my identity, Barbara; he has mistaken my identity, Barbara; he has mistaken it quite seriously."

There was a twinkle in his eye, but he noted with surprise that Barbara's face wore an expression of puzzled anxiety. Waring began reading the letter aloud. "By the way"—he read, beginning where he had left off—"my nephew, Allen's son, writes me that he has settled in New York, and knows you, as well as some of your relatives. I hope he'll be more successful in his art than his father was in business. Poor Allen, you must remember what a "Of making many books there is no end,"

in his art than his father was in business. Poor Allen, you must remember what a dreamy, impracticable fellow he was," Waring paused, feeling decidedly blank. Noel's face softened to tenderness.
"Poor father! We felt satisfied with each other. We didn't care for the money; you would have loved him, Barbara," Then he looked again at her. "Oh, pardon me, I did not think. Of course I have only my art, and three thousand a year, not much to live upon. But I did'nt realize, I didn't know the money might make a difference to you. How blind and selfish of me. Under the circumstances it is more than needless for me to explain to you how free you are—Miss Waring."

The coals dropped softly in the grate.

are-Miss Waring."

The coals dropped softly in the grate.
Between rage and disappointment Mrs. Col.
Waring had been almost paralyzed. But
the attitude of her daughter consoled her,
and Noel's words were like balm to her

and Noel's words were like balm to her heart.

"You have at least earned the good will of both Barbara and me by appreciating the situation so perfectly," she finally said, addressing him. "I shall always consider you a friend of the family, one of our best friends, in fact," her tone beginning to take on a tinge of effusiveness. "Barbara is such a sensible girl I have never felt any anxiety about her. This is a severe test—but I am proud of you both."

No one responded to her little speech. Twilight seemed to turn suddenly black, and even Mrs. Waring shivered slightly and drew her black lace scarf more closely about her.

about her.
"That fire is dying down, I must ring for coal," she remarked. "I wonder that Maria doesn't come in to light the gas," as

Maria doesn't come in to light the gas," as a wavering yellow gleam wandered in from the street lamp. "I hope we shall still see you when you—you feel like dropping in for a cup of tea, Mr. Noel."

But Barbara sprang to her feet as Noel started for the door. Her face crimsoned, her eyes glistened mistily.

"You don't think that such a trivial consideration as money could come between

"You don't think that such a trivial consideration as money could come between us, do you, Jasper? You are'—her voice was beginning to quiver and break. "Why, you are unworthy of my love, almost, if that is the way you take me. You know, you must know, that my lot lies with yours, whatever—"

It was plain that she could not say any more just then for tears, but she was resting against him and he stroked her hair with the soft, tender touch we reserve for children and people most precious to us,

children and people most precious to us, holding her fast and close.
"I understand." he whispered from the depths of his content, "I understand."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NATIONAL MILITARY PARK—CHICKA-MAUGA-CHATTANOOGA, An Historical Guide, with Maps and Illustrations, By H. V. Boynton, Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Company.

A skillful writer and one who is not only

acquainted with his subject but is deeply the one who should write the history of the battles of Chickamauga and Chattanooga and give to the public the most comprehensive statement as to the origin and development of the park project which has yet appeared. In making plain to the reader whose knowledge of the war of the rebellion is comparatively limited the nerememon is comparatively infinited the necessity for such a park as that which the nation has seen fit to acquire, Gen. Boynton produces interesting testimony. "The battle of Chickamauga," says he, "was one of the best illustrations of the pluck, endurance and prowess of the American soldier which the war afforded. Measured by the percentages of losses, and the duration of the fighting for the various portions of each army, it was the dpadliest buttle of modern times. Its strategy will always be notable in the history of, wars. So far as the occupation of the field was concerned it was a confederate victory. Considering the objects of the campaign it was a Union triumph. The battle of Chattanooga was the grandest spectacular engagement of the war. Its features appear in as bold relief as do Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge upon the fields which they dominate." From the facts presented by the general it appears that twenty-nine of the thirty-three states east of the Rocky mountains which converted cessity for such a park as that which the the general it appears that twenty-nine of the thirty-three states, east of the Rocky mountains, which comprised the Union at the outbreak of the war, had troops engaged in these campaigns, and five of these were represented on both sides. The latter were Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, West Virginia and Maryland. Three Union armies took part in the campaign for Chattanooga, the army of the Cumberland in its entirety, four divisions of the army of the Tennessee, under General Sherman, and four from the army of the Potomac under General Bragg was reinforced by General Longstreet's corps from the army of North Virginia, by troops from General Johnston in ginia, by troops from General Johnston in Mississippi and by General Buckner's corps from East Tennessee. Thus the whole country was directly and largely interested in the campaign and battles for Chattanooga, while on each side were many of the most distinguished and prominent officers of the war. "It was this universal interest of the country and its armies in these battles," says Gen, Boynton, "the brilities"," says Gen, Boynton, "the brilities"," Mississippi and by General Buckner's corps interest of the country and its armies in these battles," says Gen. Boynton, "the briliancy" of the strategy, the unsurpassed pluck of the fighting, and the wonderful natural features of the fields of battle which made it possible to secure the unanimous support of Congress for the project of establishing the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park." But entirely aside from the guide-book value of this work—which of itself is very considerable—there is a great quantity of material that will be highly appreciated by purely military students. The two great conflicts and all the minor engagements of the campaign are described in detail by one who was not only a combatant, but who has applied himself seriously for the past thirty-two years in securing all of the many varieties of information that were to be had and slifting out the real from the fictitious. Liberally illustrated, fully supplied with understandable maps, and giving complete rosters (by commands) of the contending armies, this volume will be highly prized by the veterans of the north and the south and by those other individuals who prized by the veterans of the north and the south and by those other individuals who can appreciate painstaking effort to a good

LISBETH WILSON: A Daughter of New Hamp-shire Hills. By Eliza Nelson Blair. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Those who know the wife of the former Representative and Senator from New Hampshire know that a story of her telling would not depend for its interest upon a deep and gruesome mystery, to be plucked out by keen-scented detectives, nor yet would its heroine be one of the "new woman" class, who set for themselves the task of solving hypothetical problems born of prurient imaginations and ulwholesome desires. "Lisbeth Wilson," as its unroman-tic title might indicate, is a plain, straightforward, oid-fashioned story of country life forward, oid-fashioned story of country life in New England, two or three generations ago, simply but sweetly told. Of course—as a silken cord whereon costlier beads are strung—there is the thread of a love story running through the narrative, telling the hopes and trials of a true-hearted young couple, who held a pure-life and a clear conscience above all else, but whose ways were made troubled by that stern religious intelerance which drays the Puritions to were made troubled by that stern religious intolerance which drove the Puritans to America, but which, in some mysterious way, seemed to come across the ocean with them, or closely follow them, to take root and bear bitter fruit in the hearts of their descendants, for many generations after-ward. The interest in this old but ever ward. The interest in this old but ever attractive episode—which, of course, finally crds happily—does_not flag from first to last; but the great charm of the volume lies in its delineations of New England character and its pictures of New England scenery, of both of which the author is an uncommonly careful and intelligent observer, and a most raithful limner, as well. server, and a most faithful limber, as well.
Indeed, this dominating quality will perhaps be ground for unfavorable criticism
in the mind of the general reader, whose
verdict may be that the author dwells too
largely upon minute details. This is natutal, however, and rather to be expected; for
White of Selberga himself, hardly studied what," his voice falling him, one finger pointed at Noel.

"What is the matter?" inquired the young man, also rising.

"Matter, sir, matter, you ask me the matter? Read that and you'll find out. Oh, it shows you up well," thrusting the letter into his hand. Mrs. Waring looked on in disgust, disquieted and yet firm. Noel read the letter hastily, his face clearing. He remembered Waring as he had first seen him, and thought he comprehended the situation.

"You are a little excited now," he said pleasantly, even amusedly. "I think you must have missed part of this letter. It explains the situation pretty well, and—" He broke into a hearty laugh, "I nature more closely than does Mrs. Blair;

valuable for Reference in all Departments of Industrial Life, with the Pronunciation and Orthography Conformed to Webster's International Dictionary. Edited by W. H. DePny, A.M., D.D., Li.D., assisted by the following editorial staff: Prof. Alpheus S. Packard, Dudley Buck, Thomas Sargent Perry, Daniel Dorchester, James M. Buckley, Prof. Henry Martyn, Paul Chrence Cook, Charles E. Sajous, George G. Reynolds. John Clark Ridpath. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Washington: R. A. Dinsmore, C28 G street.

and especially does this undeniably accu rate scriptural statement seem to apply to books of the encyclopedic sort. New dictionaries have of recent years made for themselves bonored places in useful litera ture, and now comes a new encyclopediaan encyclopedia edited and compiled by more than a hundred of the men who are eminently suited to such a task. The pul lishers' principal reasons for the presenta tion of this valuable work of reference a tion of this valuable work of reference at this time are that all encyclopedias other than this lack freshness; that "all the civilized governments of the world make a thorough enumeration of their resources—social, industrial and physical—once in every decade," and that "in this last quarter of the nineteenth century the pace of human progress is so rapid that any trustworthy work of reference needs constant revision in order to fitly represent the latest achievements of the forces of civilization." This encyclopedia follows as closely as possible the conclusion reached in the almost co-incidental census of the United States, Great Britain, Germany and Canada. In every respect this six-volume United States, Great Britain, Germany and Canada. In every respect this six-volume edition is an improvement upon the one issued under the same auspices in 1881, at which time the work achieved remarkable success and in the succeeding years became deservedly popular. The People's Cyclopedia is specially valuable to those who, for many reasons, do not care to possess cyclopedias which deal with topics a: great length. The editing has been very carefully done, the effort evidently having been to condense information without sacrificing any of the essential facts. Mention also should be made of the fact that the People's is an American cyclopedia, special attention having been given to the south and west in their social, industrial and political aspects. Pertinent illustrations, admirable maps and a great variety of charts and diagrams add materially to the value of a mest excellent work.

of a most excellent work.

GREAT MEN AND FAMOUS WOMEN. A series
of pen and pencil sketches of the lives of more
than two hundred of the most prominent persotinges in history. New York: Selmar Hess.
Washington: C. E. Lipscomb, 1006 F street.

Published by subscription and subdivided into sixty-eight parts, this work deserves to achieve useful popularity. It deals with soldiers, sailors, statesmen, sages, workmen, heroes, artists and authors, and it does so in such a fashion that the book at once establishes itself as one of the feaonce establishes itself as one of the features necessary to anything approaching completeness in a modern library. The range of personalities liberally sketched is very wide, and within its bounds may be found a great proportion of those who at some stage or other of the world's history have achieved more or less of fame. Caius Marius and Julius Caesar receive the attention to which they are entitled, and so do Thomas Carlyle, Sarah Bernhardt, William Hogarth, Benjamin West, Grover Cleveland and a host of other celebrities of all sorts. Some of the illustrations, notably the photogravures, are especially excellent. land and a host of other celebrities of all sorts. Some of the illustrations, notably the photogravures, are especially excellent. Among the authors who have contributed to the biographical riches of this book are Theodore Roosevelt, H. H. Boyesen, Louise Chandler Moulton, Henry George, John J. Ingalls, Will Carleton, H. Rider Haggard, Edgar Fawcett, Albion W. Tourgee, Noah Brooks, Murat Halstead, Edward Everett Hale, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Justin McCarthy and William Lloyd Garrison.

THE SCNG-LIFE OF A SCULPTOR. By William Ordway Partridge, author of "The Technique of Sculpture," "Art for America," &c. Second Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Many Washingtonians will remember Mr. William Ordway Partridge's exhibition of sculpture at the rooms of the Cosknown to those who admired his work in marble that Mr. Partridge is a poet as marble that Mr. Partridge is a poet as well as sculptor. The poems in the little volume named above show how well he is entitled to rank as one. No one can read "Sowing to the Spirit" without feeling the intense earnestness and sincerity of the writer (which, indeed, are his strongest characteristics), nor without being uplifted into a clear and pure air of unselfishness. Should any one feel that his life is barren of blessings let him read "The Caged Lark" and he will be strengthened in his efforts to do his duty under any circumstances, however adverse. Some of the poems show the writer's sensitiveness to poems show the writer's sensitives pleasing, natural and musical sounds; "The Brook," "A Rhapsody" and "The Convent Tower" are such. All of the poems are pervaded by a deep earnestness of purpose, much too rarely shown in modern poetry.

LOTOS-TIME IN JAPAN. By Henry T. Finck. Hustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's

Mr. Finck is satisfied that in very many respects Japanese civilization is superior to the civilization of which we occasionally feel proud and of which we are not unwilling to boast. The testimony that led him to such belief was ever before him while he toured in Japan, and he has put in this book as much of it as he deemed necessary to attempt conversion of Americans who imagine Japan to be uncivilized and the United States the home of all that is best United States the home of all that is best in human characteristics. Mr. Finck says: "I have tried to show that the Japanese have as much to teach us as we have to teach them, and that what they can offer us is, on the whole, of a higher and nobler order than what we can offer them. Japanese civilization is based on altruism, ours on egotism." With a preparatory utterance like that the reader might be led to expect a didactic sequence, but instead of that poslike that the reader might be led to expect a didactic sequence, but instead of that possibility there follows clever descriptive writing of the sort usually to be found in good newspapers. Appropriately and well illustrated, the volume lacks but little of fully-rounded completeness.

ENGLISH SEAMEN IN THE SINTEENTH CEN-TURY, Lectures Delivered at Oxford Easter Terms, 1893-4. By James Anthony Froude, late reglus professor of Modern History in the Uni-versity of Oxford, New York: Charles Scrib-ner's Sons. Washington: Brentano's.

To a nation that sees with the eve of faith the coming of a time when the starspangled banner shall float from mastheads in every sea these lectures should be of extraordinary interest and value, for in them is sketched the way by which Britannia sailed to maritime greatness that not even the sharp competition of a commercial age has been able to seriously disturb age has been able to seriously disturb. Froude's motive, of course, was to impress history on the minds of students, and he must have succeeded wonderfully; such vivid sketches are not often given in cold type; they send thrills through the veins of those who even remotely sympathize with the daring deeds of Drake, Hawkins, Howard Saymour, Frabisher and the state. Howard, Seymour, Frobisher and the others who made England mistress of thocean some three hundred years ago.

THE MAKING OF THE NATION. 1783-1817. By Francis A. Walker, Ph.D., LL.D., President Massachusetts Institute of Technology. With Maps and Appendices. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: Brentano's. Gen. Walker presents an admirably comtory in which the loosely-joined states were welded into a nation-a history in which there appears all essential data, stripped entirely of the minute details that so often incumber the progress of hurried

searchers after facts. A FREE LANCE IN A FAR LAND. Being an ac FREE LANCE IN A FAR LAND. Being an account of the Singular Fortunes of Selwyn Fyveways Hails, in the County of Gloucester, Esquire; for Seven Years a Free Adventurer in the Kingdoms of Hindostan. By Herbert Compton, author of "The Dead Man's Gift," "A Master Mariner," "A King's Hussar," &c. New York: The Cassell Publishing Co. Washington: William Ballantyne & Sons. LITERARY LANDMARKS OF JERUSALEM. By Laurence Hutton, author of "Literary Land-marks of London," "Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh," "Curlosities of the American Stage." Hustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

THE TIGER LILY. A Story of a Woman. By Geo.
Manville Fenn, author of "Commodere Junk,"
"Nurse Elisia," "Witness to the Deed," &c.
New York: The Cassell Publishing Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop. DEARENT, By Mrs. Forrester, author of "Diana Carew," "Of the World, Worldly," "Dolores," "The Turn of Fortune's Wheel," &c. New York: Lovell, Correll & Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop. AMONG THE NORTHERN HILLS, By W. C. Prime, I.L.D., author of "Along New England Roads," "I Go A Fishing," &c. New York: Harper and Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

FHE HELPFUL SCIENCE. By St. George Mivart, F.R.S. New York: Harper & Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SOIL, A novel. By M. E. Francis. New York: Harper & Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop. A SAWDUST DOLL. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

Charles MacDonald, a Prominent Ghicago Business Man, Is Restored to Health.



Within a few steps of the intersection of two of the busiest thoroughfares in Chicago, if not in the entire country, is a store through the portal will I could command. The feeling grew upon me, within a few steps of the intersection of two of the busiest thorough fares in Chicago, if not in the entire country, is a store through the portal of which more people pass in the course of a day than enter into and depart from any other establishment of its size in the west. Men and women whose faces bear the stamp of intelligence and culture; women who lead in society, art and letters; men who are prominent in the professions; lawyers, physicians, artists, judges and journalists. The exterior of the place gives immediate evidence of its character, which is that of a center of current news and information. It is the news and periodical depot of Charles MacDonald at 55 Washington street, who writes the following letter: CHICAGO, Feb. 20, 1895.—Messrs. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.—Gentlemen: It is clearly the duty of every person to acknowledge a service rendered, no matter what its nature. When, however, the character of the benefit bestowed is such that it lightens the daily burdens of our lives, and changes our nights from dreary watches to periods of tranguil and refreshing repose, the duty resolves itself into a pleasure. A few months ago, owing to the confining nature of a day leading all the strength of will I could command. The feeling grew upon me, however, and in a short time it took such possession of me that it affected my appetite and caused insomnia. I approached my meals with a feeling amounting almost to nausea, and my bed with a feeling amounting almost to nausea, and my bed with a feeling amounting almost to nausea, and my bed with hor or at the restless night that I was enabled to hide the change from the trees of the trees of the same and the trees of the tree and the color of the tree and the color of the trees of the case of the change from a title restless night that I was enabled to hide the change from the trees of the reactions; it is the restless night that I was enabled to hide the change from the trees of the case of the could no matter what its nature.

CHICAGO, Feb. 20 pose, the duty resolves itself into a pleasure. A celery compound. few months ago, owing to the confining nature of my business, I began to feel at first a sort of

Yours respectfully, CHARLES MACDONALD.

THE CHICAGO RECORD offers to authors the sum of \$30,000 for

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BISMARCK TOOK THE TABLE.

days heated depate. The chancelor, on that memorable occasion, closed the argument, of which Thiers had the best, by refusing to talk French any longer. The Frenchmen being unable to understand a word of German, understood that it was useless to insist, and gave their signatures, tranting to Germany the prospection of granting to Germany the possession of Alsace and Lorraine, an indemnity of many

BISMARCK TOOK THE TABLE.

But He Had Another Like It Made in a Night.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

In his private studio at the castle of firiedrichsruhe Bismarck has a piece of furniture of which he is particularly proud, although he admits that he is not the legitimate owner. It is an ordinary dining room round table, made of common cherry wood. The preliminaries of the treaty of Frankfort were signed in February, 1871, in Versailles, in the Rue des Reservoirs, at the house where Bismarck had his headquarters. Thiers and Jules Favre were the French delegates. Around the table referred to were discovered the truth until to Versailles, in the Rue des Reservoirs, at the house where Bismarck had his headquarters. Thiers and Jules Favre were the French delegates. Around the table referred to were discovered the truth until 1876, at which time the chancellor had the was offered money, but refused it. It was not the genuine article, though, because Bismarck had a duplicate made during the night by skiliful workmen, and sent the original to Berlin. The imitation was so perfect that the gentleman from Versailles never discovered the truth until 1876, at which time the chancellor had the was offered money, but refused it. It was not the genuine article, though, because Bismarck had a duplicate made during the night by skiliful workmen, and sent the original to Berlin. The imitation was so perfect that the gentleman from Versailles never discovered the truth until 1876, at which time the chancellor had the until 1876, at which time the chancellor had the until 1876, at which time the chancellor had the until 1876, at which time the chancellor had the until 1876, at which time the chancellor had the until 1876, at which time the chancellor had the until 1876, at which time the chancellor had the until 1876, at which time the chancellor had the until 1876, at which time the chancel was offered money, but refused it. It was not the genuing article, though, and the night by skiliful workmen, and sent the original to Berl ited the table to any one who wished to see What He Was After,

Willie Wise-"She said if Mr. Sweet came, Assace and Lorraine, an indemnity of many millions and many other advantages. Bismarck proposed at once to the landlord of the house to buy his table, offering an enormous price for it. That gentleman positively refused, and for several years exhibility of the proposed at once to the landlord of the house to buy his table, offering an enormous price for it. That gentleman positively refused, and for several years exhibility of the proposed at once to the landlord of the house to buy his table, offering an enormous price for it. That gentleman positively refused, and for several years exhibiting the proposed at once to the landlord of the house to buy his table, offering an enormous price for it. That gentleman positively refused, and for several years exhibiting the proposed at once to the landlord of the house to buy his table, offering an enormous price for it. That gentleman positively refused, and for several years exhibiting the proposed at once to the landlord of the house to buy his table, offering an enormous price for it. That gentleman positively refused, and for several years exhibiting the proposed at once to the landlord of the house to buy his table, offering an enormous price for it. That gentleman positively refused, and for several years exhibiting the proposed at once to the landlord of the house to buy his table, offering an enormous price for it. That gentleman positively refused, and for several years exhibiting the proposed at once to the landlord of the house to buy his table, offering an enormous price for it. That gentleman positively refused, and for several years exhibiting the proposed at once to the house was sold; and the proposed at once to the house of the hous

From the Pittsburg Post. Caller—"Is your sister in, my little man?"